Your Lips, My Lips, Apocalypse

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27043528.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Will Graham, Omega Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Oral Sex, Mating Bites, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Miscommunication, Hannibal Lecter is a dramatic bitch, but what else is new
Language:	English
Collections:	Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-16 Words: 7,808 Chapters: 1/1

Your Lips, My Lips, Apocalypse

by Kai_99

Summary

If someone had told Will Graham that one day he would find a perfect Omega, he would have laughed. If they had told Will that he would bond with that Omega, he would have thought they're crazy. And if they had said that Will would have let the said Omega mount him, he would have straight up slapped them.

And yet –

As Will Graham lies on his back, legs in the air, getting his ass pounded by an Omega, he wonders for the umpteenth time; how did he end up here?

Notes

Happy Belated Birthday Maddie!!!

If someone had told Will Graham that one day he would find a perfect Omega, he would have laughed. If they had told Will that he would bond with that Omega, he would have thought they're crazy. And if they had said that Will would have let the said Omega *mount* him, he would have straight up slapped them.

And yet –

As Will Graham lies on his back, legs in the air, getting his ass pounded by an Omega, he wonders for the umpteenth time; how did he end up here?

--

Will Graham is an epitome of a prime Alpha. He is healthy, strong, and intelligent, capable of providing his mate a comfortable life and protection. He can have any Omega he wants or a Beta if he desires – hell, he even hooked up with a few Alphas, he just never considered mating with any of them. It was just fleeting nights of passion until they realized that Will had no desire to bond with them. Not that it stopped people from trying to court him; he remembers an Omega, Matthew Browns, who thought that if he showed up at Will's house in his heat, Will would give in to his Alphan urges and bond with him. That was a close call for Will, he had to break his window to escape the persistent advances of the Omega.

After that experience, Will doesn't dare touch Omegas with a ten-foot pole. Everything in his life was going fine. Simple and controlled.

But then, he met Hannibal Lecter.

Throughout their deadly courtship, Will never gave much thought to the secondary gender of his friend. From the first moment Will laid eyes on the older man, he assumed Hannibal was a Beta. He has a mild, pleasant smell that calmed Will's frayed nerves, certainly not the overwhelming scent of an Alpha or sweet sugary scent of an Omega.

In retrospect, Will should have noticed the signs; the lingering gazes, the not-so-subtle touches. But instead of thinking too deeply into it, Will just chalked it up to the eccentric behavior of his friend. He never realized that maybe his 'friend's' interest in him might not be as innocent as Will had thought. He was so blind back then, the scenting thing was such an obvious clue, but Will ignored it.

It was after Will got framed for murders that he revisited his earlier assumptions about Hannibal being a Beta. But even then, the thought of Hannibal being an Omega – and being interested in Will like *that* – seemed so ridiculous that Will didn't linger on it for long and instead thought of Hannibal an Alpha. This was more believable because his 'hobbies' were

not something anyone expects from an Omega, sure, there are Omega serial killers, but Hannibal's kills never gave away that he was an Omega.

The thing is, the topic never came up over the years. Not when he was luring Hannibal, not when he nearly died at the hands of Hannibal, not even when he sailed across the sea, seeking the shadows of the older man. It didn't matter enough to either of them – or at least, to Will.

It was years later, when Will decided to run away with Hannibal after the fall, he came to know that Hannibal Lecter is a Goddamn Omega.

--

It started with a talk about suppressants. Will was due to let his rut run its course without suppressant, as recommended by his doctor, but, life on the run is not easy. Especially those earlier days, when they were still dancing around each other, waiting for the other to betray them. Will is not comfortable going into a rut like that. Hannibal, of course, created an issue out of it unnecessarily.

"Hannibal, it's not safe." Will tries to reason, again.

Hannibal narrows his eyes, displeasure evident on his face, "Not safe from me?"

"Not from – Jesus, Hannibal," Will shakes his head, trying not to clench his hands into fists where they are placed on the dining table between them, "I just don't think it's wise for both of us to be unable to defend if someone came after us."

Instead of seeing the reason, the older man bristles like Will had said his suits are ugly.

"You think I can't protect you? I would like to remind you that I have managed on my own long before you and I still can."

Will blinks at him for a whole minute in disbelief. Trust Hannibal to make everything about his delicate ego.

"What's wrong with you? You're hurt, Hannibal! You can barely walk to the bathroom without passing out."

Maybe he shouldn't have said that, considering Hannibal is already touchy about that subject, but Will is frustrated. His hormones are all over the place with his rut near and he's only going to get worse unless he takes his suppressants. It's not like Hannibal has any reason to be bitchy over his injury, the bullet wound from the dragon nearly took his life. It missed most of the organs, but not the intestines. Will still shudders thinking about the days he spent taking care of Hannibal, unconscious and feverish, fearing that the older man won't survive. He wouldn't have if Will hadn't kidnapped and threatened a doctor to help perform surgery.

And after all the shit Will went through to get both of them far from the clutches of the FBI, he does not want to risk his everything by being useless because of a stupid biological need. He's pretty sure he can hold off his rut for a few months, it won't be pleasant for him, not now and definitely not when his rut eventually comes, but it's worth it.

Besides, the small cabin they are currently residing in has only the one room that he shares with Hannibal. He is not keen on spending his rut with Hannibal in the same room or the couch in the living room. He is not even sure how he will react to the presence of another Alpha in his territory. Alphas are prone to be aggressive and territorial in a rut, and he would be devastated if he accidentally hurt Hannibal. He can't bear the thought of hurting Hannibal, not anymore.

“I see that you still refuse to trust me, Will. Fine, do whatever you want, because obviously, my opinion does not matter.”

Hannibal gathers their dishes and takes them to the adjoined kitchen to wash.

Will growls in irritation and stalks Hannibal, hot on his heel to the kitchen. He snatches the dishes from the older man and glares at him, “Why are you so fucking hell bend on getting me in a rut, huh? What do you have in it? Want to amuse yourself while I hump the sheets like an animal?!”

Okay, he had not meant to shout, nor did he meant to say the last part. It makes his face burn in embarrassment because that is exactly what he'll be doing while Hannibal would, most definitely, watch him from the side of the bed, like watching an insect wriggle after shocking it – that is if Will did not think he’s a threat, and let Hannibal near him.

“No, I want to watch you hump me.”

Wait, what?

Oh.

Oh.

Okay, okay. Will did not see that coming. Actually, he did, but in a sense that he always knew they would head this way eventually. Not like this though. With Hannibal still weak and him desperately trying to stove off his rut.

“Hannibal, I don’t – ”

He doesn’t know what to say, how to decline Hannibal politely without hurting his delicate ego. Because clearly, this is something Hannibal has been interested in for a while now if his persistent attempts to goad Will is anything to go by.

“You don’t want to be with me?” Hannibal guesses when he doesn’t continue.

God, this is getting out of hand real fast.

“I want to be with you. I am with you Hannibal, I choose you. But I don’t think it’s good for us – considering our circumstances.”

“Will, we're stuck in the middle of a forest for at least two more months. I don’t know what ‘circumstances' you're talking about.”

Hannibal tries to pick up another dish to wash and Will growls in a warning. The doctor had advised him to rest and not strain his body much, but Hannibal makes even that simple task so difficult that Will honestly wants to strangle him.

“How many times do I need to tell you to leave the fucking dishes and rest.”

“I’m fine,” comes the curt reply.

“Leave Hannibal. I'm not repeating myself.”

Since it's Will's fault for talking to Hannibal like scolding a child right after rejecting him, he takes the blame for the shove he receives. He stumbles back, the corner of the kitchen island digging painfully in his lower back. He'd take a little rough handling any day rather than another sharp object tearing into his body.

See, they’re making progress in that department.

“If I'm not good enough for you to mate with, you don’t get to tell me what to do.”

Someone help him. He can handle a grumpy, injured cannibal, but he can't handle a grumpy, injured, pissed, and *heartbroken* cannibal.

For a second, Will considers about punching Hannibal in his perfect face and bending him over the counter right then and there, forcing his stupid, perfect Alphan body to take Will's knot and –

Fuck.

At this rate, Hannibal would trigger his rut early.

“Jesus, Hannibal. Not everything is about you okay? I don’t want to accidentally hurt you.”

“Can't you trust me to know what I can or can not take?”

“No, I can't. You're greedy. You want me to be just yours and you'll do whatever it takes to make it happen. Even if it means to let me – let me hurt you like that.”

“You think that I don’t actually want to be with you. Unbelievable.”

Hannibal shoves past Will and walks upstairs, slamming the door to their bedroom loudly. If Hannibal is slamming doors, it means he's really, really upset.

Fuck his life.

He'd have to sleep with one eye open tonight in case Hannibal decides to take another way to *pursue* Will.

--

Hannibal kicks Will out of their bedroom, saying that since Will doesn't plan on mating with him, he doesn't want to share his bed with an 'unmated Alpha' - whatever *that* means. Will grabs his pillow and walks stiffly downstairs to sleep on the couch.

He knows Hannibal is upset, he doesn't know how to deal with rejection and Will doesn't know how to assure Hannibal that he is not rejecting him.

Will doesn't sleep well that night, he is used to sleeping next to Hannibal now, hearing the older man's heart beating under his ear. The cuddling is not something he has ever done, not even with his Beta wife, Molly. Maybe it's the near-death experience that makes Will want to reassure himself that Hannibal is fine and safe, or maybe it's just Hannibal, and like everything about Hannibal, Will is pulled towards him like a tide to shore.

He is more than ready to apologize to Hannibal for shouting yesterday and mend the rift between them, but oh no, he forgot that he ran away with Hannibal Lecter, the most dramatic bitch on the planet, who refused to allow Will back into their bed. For a whole week, Will broke his back on the fucking couch before he gave up.

Will wakes up abruptly when he nearly falls on the floor yet again, he's used to sprawling himself half on Hannibal's good side and the couch is not big enough for a grown ass man to sleep on. He is prissy and he wants Hannibal. Middle of night decisions never lead to good things, but he had enough of Hannibal's bullshit.

Will is near his rut, he has a couple of days to take suppressants to stop it, or else it would inevitably take its course. The pills are hidden from Hannibal, in the vase in the sitting room, because Will doesn't trust the other man to not replace the pills with placebos. He has yet to take the pills, he knows that if he took them now, the rift between them will be irreparable. Hannibal would take that as a sign of rejection and Will might not get another chance to spend another rut with Hannibal, because Hannibal never took rejection gracefully.

Annoyed by himself and his circumstances, Will marches upstairs to their room. He throws open the door and Hannibal lurch to wakefulness in alarm. The sudden motion pulls at his still healing skin and he grimaces in pain. The Alpha in Will wants to rush to his mate's side and comfort him - because, yes, Will is aware that he has subconsciously taken Hannibal as his mate. He wonders if it's the same thing with Hannibal, and that's why he wants Will to claim him.

"What are you doing here, Will?"

Hannibal's rough voice from sleep pulls Will from his thoughts. Seeing Hannibal like this, soft and vulnerable, triggers Will's base instincts. He wants to cover his mate with his body, protect Hannibal from harm, keep the older man locked in their bedroom, away from prying eyes. Distantly Will is aware that these thoughts are the result of his impending rut, but he doesn't care.

Not when Hannibal is hell-bent on making Will lose control and take him. Will growls and stalks to their bed.

"Will? Are you - "

Hannibal's sentence is cut off when Will roughly pushes him on the bed and crawls up his sleep-warmed body. He lets his body take over as he shoves Hannibal's legs apart and settles between them, pressing their groins together. The effect of their position is instant as they both purr in satisfaction. This feels right. Like two pieces of puzzles fitting together.

But apparently, Hannibal doesn't feel the same as he starts to push Will away.

"Get off of me this instant, Will!"

Will, already feeling the effects of his rut because of the proximity with his mate, gets annoyed when asked to move away from the said mate.

See, this is why Will left Hannibal in the BSHCI to rot. He can't make up his mind if he wants to fuck or kill Will. Will refuses to move even an inch, he has been trying to decline Hannibal's advances, but, now that he finally gives in, Hannibal still wants to be petty.

"Will!"

Will smirks at the high pitched note in the older man's voice when he grinds down, feeling his cock fill at the stimulation.

"This is what you've been begging for, Hannibal. Begging for my cock, I'm going to give it to you now."

"I don't beg. Ever."

"You will when I'm going to stuff my knot in you, baby."

Hannibal whines, high and loud.

The sound is so unexpected that it startles the cloud of lust away from his mind. Will leans on his elbows to look down at Hannibal and finds a fine sheen of the sweat of the older man's brow, his throat exposed. Like an Omega.

It's like someone has thrown a bucket of cold water down Will's back. He scrambles back, nearly falls from the bed, and stares at Hannibal like he has grown two heads.

Hannibal is panting softly, skin flushed, and smelling so, *so good*. All it takes is a few seconds for Will's mind to make connections between all the little hints that he ignored for

years.

"Oh God, you're an Omega!"

Will winces at the horror in his voice and the older man - the Omega - instantly notices. Hannibal stills and blinks at Will, confused and surprised.

"Pardon?"

"You - you're an Omega?" Will repeats, his statement coming out as more of a question.

Hannibal watches him for a minute in tense silence and then his eyes widen as he too realizes that Will didn't know what his secondary gender was until just now. Will can almost hear the gears turning in the older man's head as he sees their every interaction in a new light, just as Will is.

"You thought I was an Alpha."

The hurt is crystal clear on Hannibal's face. Will nods, too numb to say anything. Hannibal makes a sound, small and hurt, and before Will realizes what he is doing he settles beside Hannibal, pulling the other man to his chest, letting out a soothing purr.

Oh, God.

He is *purring* to calm his *Omega* .

God, how could he be so blind? How could he miss all the signs, how can he fuck this up?

He is an absolute idiot. All the signs were right in front of him, and it all makes sense now. Will felt so calm in Hannibal's presence because Hannibal is an Omega - *his* Omega, his mate. His scent never felt foreign to Will, and now he understands why Hannibal took every chance to smell Will. Why Hannibal was always finding ways to touch him, he was scent-marking Will and Will was doing the same unconsciously. He remembers how he used to touch every item in the older man's office and house within reach and would be completely baffled when he would get no objection from Hannibal, instead, he got the vague feeling that the doctor found it amusing.

Now he understands why Hannibal found it amusing, Will was laying his claim without even being aware of doing it.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asks finally.

"I thought you knew."

Will's chest feels tight at the whispered answer.

"I - I never thought about it."

Will regrets the words as soon as they are out of his mouth. They imply that he never cared enough to give it much thought, like Hannibal is not important enough to know this important

detail about him.

Will tightens his hold on the Omega as he tries to pull away.

"Let me go, Will."

Hannibal doesn't say that with bitterness or anger, but plainly. He has pulled on his mask again. A coping mechanism for when he's feeling too much.

Will fucked up, royally. He pulls away only to move in front of Hannibal, looking at him with a pleading gaze.

"I'm sorry, Hannibal."

Hannibal doesn't say anything, doesn't even look at him. Will isn't sure if it's his empathy or the Alpha in him that's picking up the emotional upheaval in Hannibal. He has truly hurt Hannibal.

"Hannibal, *please*."

He pleads again. This time Hannibal does look at him with a blank face. He is desperately trying - and failing - to keep composure and appear unbothered by the fact that his supposed Alpha didn't even know that he was an Omega.

"I didn't know it because I don't care. It doesn't matter to me if you're an Omega, or a Beta, or an Alpha. You're my mate, and I chose you."

"Then why won't you bond with me?"

Will finally understand the reason Hannibal was distant the whole week. He's an Omega who has been courting his Alpha for the past five years only to be turned down by the said Alpha. Again and again. Even if Hannibal was a normal Omega, he would not have taken the rejection well. No Omega does, and Hannibal is a serial cannibalistic killer. Of course, his reaction would be violent. No wonder Will always find himself on the wrong end of a weapon, he truly is very stupid. If Hannibal tries to kill him now, Will won't even blame him. He deserves Hannibal's ire.

"I want to mate with you Hannibal, I swear on your life. I really do want it. More than anything. But I also meant what I said about hurting you. I don't - I can hurt you. You know how Alphas get in rut. I don't want to hurt you."

Hannibal narrows his eyes, peeling Will to his bone, layer by layer. Will doesn't dare to even blink, if Hannibal thought that Will is lying, well, it won't end up good for Will. And Will doesn't want to lose Hannibal. Not after all they went through to get together. This time, Will knows that he won't survive separation because he knows now that Hannibal is his mate. An Alpha can't live without his mate, without his Omega.

Hannibal must have gotten whatever he was looking for as his gaze finally softens enough for Will to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Oh Will, whatever are we going to do about you?"

Will doesn't resist the urge to touch his mate and put his head on Hannibal's knee, letting out a breath he's been holding. He is not unaware of the position he is sitting in. Him sitting on the floor is a clear sign of submission. He knows that most of the society would recoil from even the thought of an Alpha in a submissive position, that's why the relationship between two Alphas are looked down upon so much. The thought of an Alpha submitting to an Omega would be outrageous.

Will doesn't care about any of that, he never did. Not when it comes to Hannibal. He never cared about Hannibal's secondary gender, he would have - he had - happily accepted Hannibal. So the transition to accepting his Omegan status isn't so difficult. Because it doesn't change anything between them. Hannibal is still Hannibal, and Will is still Will.

"Whatever you want," Will replies.

Hannibal purrs again, pleased with Will's answer and Will feels happy at the thought of making his mate happy.

"Tell me, what changed your mind? Why did you come to my room in the middle of the night? You're not in rut."

Oh, so that's why Hannibal was resisting him earlier. He thought that Will had gone into rut and came to Hannibal when his head was not clear enough to give consent to mate with him. Will sighs. This man - this beautiful, brilliant, stubborn man. He could kill Will, had tried to kill Will, made him nearly lose his mind, send him to prison but he would never take advantage of Will like that. Even if he wants to mate with Will desperately.

People think that only Omegas are taken advantage of in their heat. If an Omega or a Beta force themselves on an Alpha in rut, it's considered 'reacting to their instincts to please an Alpha'.

People are hypocritic pigs, no wonder his mate wants to butcher them.

The thought of his mate, his Omega slaughtering the unworthy swine, and bringing meat home to feed them makes shivers run down his spine in perverse pleasure. It is an Alpha's responsibility to provide for his mate, but Will's mate is unique. He has been hunting and feeding Will long before Will even knew he was being courted. And he's not a prude Alpha that would demand Hannibal stay home and be bred. Hannibal would snap his neck before he let Will control him, mate or not. He won't be chained. Will has no desire to chain him, he already seen that and didn't like it one bit.

His mate is wild and vicious, and he loves the older man just the way he is.

"I didn't want to stay away from you," Will answers the question, pulled from his thoughts by the fingers petting through his curls, "Why couldn't I smell that you're an Omega? If you are my mate, I would have known."

Will feels Hannibal tense before forcing his body to relax. Will lifts his head to determine what he said to cause distress to his mate. Now that Will knows that Hannibal is an Omega, he can't control his instincts. He couldn't control them before either, but now he is more aware of them.

"What is it?"

"Nothing for you to worry about, mio caro ragazzo."

Will growls lightly and nips Hannibal on the thigh to chide him at deflecting the questions but he misjudges the effect his actions would have on Hannibal. The Omega moans and opens his thighs wider, giving access to his body.

With the close proximity, the *smell* hit Will like a truck, making him momentarily forget about the question.

Will groans and nuzzles the other man's crotch, mouthing at the hardening bulge.

"*Will*!"

He hums but doesn't take his mouth away, the front of Hannibal's sleeping pants are rapidly getting damp with precum and saliva, he wants to taste the skin but he is waiting for permission from his mate. Hannibal pats his thighs, a silent command to get up and Will complies gladly.

As soon as Will settles he gives in to the urge to kiss his mate then. Raising a hand to slide into the hair at the nape of the older man's neck, he dips his head and presses his mouth to Hannibal's in a firm, but close-lipped kiss. He pulls back just after a few seconds to gauge the other man's reaction and finds Hannibal looking at him with so much adoration that he wants to cry.

Hannibal brings his hands up to hold Will's face lightly in a gentle cradle as he pulls his Alpha for another kiss and another. Will would be lying if he said that he never imagined them kissing, he did imagine it. Vividly, and on many occasions. Hannibal was never shy about his fixation with Will after he got out of the BSHCI. There were so many times that Will thought that Hannibal was going to kiss him, but the older man never did. It left him feeling ridiculous for thinking that Hannibal desires him like that.

Will wonders what could have happened if Hannibal had kissed him.

Will gets effectively distracted, unable to think about much, as Hannibal begins to softly suck his lips between one kiss and the next. Will’s lips are tingling from the gentle attention and he squirms in his mate’s lap. This is not how he imagined this going, he thought there would be teeth, a lot of tongue, and blood. Somehow this feels more intense and intimate than anything Will has ever done with any of his previous partners. He can’t wait to find out how amazing the sex feels with Hannibal.

Almost as if reading his thoughts, Hannibal tugs his sleeping shorts and Will tentatively helps the older man relieve him of his clothes until he is sitting naked. He feels exposed at the

heated gaze Hannibal rakes up and down his body.

“You’re beautiful, Will.”

Will is already so overwhelmed that as Hannibal caress his body he moans. He is sure his face is beet red with embarrassment at how pathetically wound up he is - and how *he* is the one acting like an Omega, begging to be touched.

“I want to - want to fuck you,” he says as Hannibal’s touches start to move south. He is afraid that he is going to cum the moment Hannibal touched him. “Please,” he adds in hopes to speed things along.

Will has absolutely no problem with Omegas and Betas, he has empathized with enough Omegas to know how their minds work and how helpless they feel because of their biology. How society has put so many rules and expectations on them that most of them lose their own sense of self in pleasing them all. Their own opinions and desires stop mattering the moment they are bonded, despite how good their Alpha is. It’s in the very nature of an Omega to be everything their Alpha needs them to be. This is why Will has avoided bonding with Omegas. He was not stable enough to take the burden of both himself and his mate.

He would have always been haunted by the knowledge that it's their biology making them so compliant and eager. But Hannibal is not like that. He defies the very nature of being an Omega. He is not a sweet, soft, shy thing ready to please Will.

No, he *demands* that Will please *him.* He takes what he wants and he would fight tooth and nail if Will ever tried to force him to do anything he doesn't want to - not that Will would ever do that, but it calms something in him to know that Hannibal is strong enough to not lose himself in Will entirely.

And Will vows that he would always treat Hannibal as his equal.

Hannibal once again proves that he is utterly unique in his existence as he bodily throws Will on the bed. He does it with such ease that for a minute Will can’t believe that an Omega just manhandled him. He has to remind himself that Hannibal is a serial killer, he lugs the bodies around so it’s not a big deal for him. Will can bet that Hannibal never acted like an Omega in his entire life, and he probably doesn’t even know how to be ‘a proper Omega’. The thought of his wild and untamed Omega sends an unexpected spark of lust through Will.

Hannibal strips in record time and stands at the edge of the bed, letting Will have his fill to take him all in his naked glory. Staying at BSHCI and his injuries really took a toll on the older man's body, but despite all that, he is more muscular and broader than Will. His body is decidedly not of an Omega's small, slimmer frame. God, even his cock is almost as big as Will’s. If Will was not currently leaking by just the addicting scent of his Omega, he would have thought that Hannibal is fucking with him and he is an Alpha.

“Hannibal, please let me fuck you.”

“All in good times, dear Will,” Hannibal smirks at the obvious reaction he is having on Will as he crawls up the bed in a predatory manner and braces himself on his forearms on either

side of Will's head. Will moans and bucks helplessly. This time the kiss feels like Hannibal is trying to eat him alive. Will clutch the older man and bring his body down until their cocks are rubbing together, providing the much-needed friction. Will doesn't pay much attention to what Hannibal is doing as he stretches to the other side of the bed and opens the drawer to grab something. Will, displeased by Hannibal's moving around, grabs his hips and rolls them over, pinning the older man under him.

Hannibal blinks in surprise and starts to say his name but Will cuts him off by pressing a teasing kiss at the corner of the older man's mouth. Hannibal exhales and turns his head to the side, seeking Will's mouth. Their hooded eyes meet as their lips seal together, greedily taking in each other expressions. It's Hannibal who opens his mouth for Will to delve in and taste. The wet slide of their tongues against each other is too much for Will's already frayed nerves and he pulls back to suck harshly against Hannibal's mating gland, keeping his teeth away for now. The Alpha in him wants to sink its teeth in the delicate flesh and knot his mate to claim but he keeps that part on a tight leash. Hannibal does not deserve to have a rushed fuck, Will plans on giving his mate everything he desires and more.

His mind made, he moves down to the dark perky nipples. He licks them tentatively and at Hannibal's shaky moan, he gains enough confidence to properly suck them, teeth grazing lightly. It is no secret that an Omega's nipples are highly sensitive and Will takes full advantage of this information, making Hannibal *writhe* under him. His Alphan nose is fully aware of the torrent of arousal his mate is feeling, the air is filled with both of their scents.

When Will feels like he is going to combust with desire he sits back on his haunches between Hannibal parted legs and looks appreciatively down at his mate. The older man is panting lightly, a flush has crept on his face, making his cheekbones more prominent. His nipples are swollen and red with attention, his cock hard and leaking. Will bends down towards the older man's groin and inhales deeply, filling his lungs with the delicious smell of his mate's arousal.

Hannibal arches up into his hand as Will grabs his cock and strokes, making more fluid leak from the tip which he hurries to catch on his tongue. He hears his mate's breath stutter on a moan and he begins to eagerly lavish the exposed glans. The weight and feel of the cock in his mouth is almost like any other Alpha's cock he has sucked, the only difference is the lack of the fleshy mass at the base that swells into a knot.

He takes the cock as far as he can without choking - he has not done this in years and he rather not push his limits today - while his other hand gets busy with caressing every inch of skin he can reach except that one part he is dying to touch, to taste. He does not want Hannibal to think that he just wants to stick his cock in there and finish.

This is not about sex, it never was between them. They are more intimate than most bonded couples, this is just taking their bond to another level. To the *baser* level. To be bonded with each other in the most primal way there is. No one can separate them after this, not even authorities if they are ever apprehended. It is against law to keep a bonded pair separate.

He cups the older man's heavy balls in his palms, gently squeezing them to feel Hannibal's cock jerk in his mouth. When he feels Hannibal tense under him with his impending orgasm, he slows down a bit. He doesn't want this to end so soon.

He rubs two of his fingers against the skin behind the Omega's balls and is treated with a delicious whine.

God, he still can't believe Hannibal is an Omega.

As Will lowers his fingers to the puckered opening, the older man tenses. His stomach drops as he realizes that Hannibal is not wet, not even slightly.

This is what Will was afraid of, this is why he had refused Hannibal when the older man asked Will to have a rut with him. Hannibal doesn't want to mate with Will, he just wants to tie Will to himself, and what other best way is there than this. Will feels sick, disgusted, used, and worst of all, betrayed.

"Will, I don't - "

Whatever explanation Hannibal has, Will doesn't want to hear, "Will it always be like this with you, Hannibal? Are you always gonna manipulate me for your amusement?"

Hannibal blinks at Will and starts to laugh. Afraid that he would punch the fucker in the face, Will begins to move away but Hannibal grabs his wrist and stops him. He turns his face away, he doesn't want to see the other man's face. He has humiliated himself enough already.

"Let go of me!"

"Not before you listen to what I have to say. I want to mate."

"Oh yeah?"

He doesn't want to point out that despite all the arousal Hannibal was feeling, there's not even a drop of slick. A clear sign that the Omega is not interested in mating.

"I know what you're thinking, Will, and it's nothing like that," when Will doesn't reply, Hannibal continues, "I don't produce slick."

Will's head snaps up at that. Staring at Hannibal to determine if he is lying or if this is some new way for him to manipulate Will, but he doesn't find anything except open honesty.

It is not uncommon for an Omega to stop making slick if they are unmated for long or if they are past their prime age to reproduce. Hannibal is well into his late forties and he most likely doesn't mate with Alphas, so yeah, it is possible for him to not make slick. For the first time, Will eyes the jar of liquid laid forgotten near them and understands why Hannibal was getting that.

Will drops his head to Hannibal's shoulder and sighs, "I feel so stupid for overreacting, sorry."

"Don't worry, darling, I should have explained this to you before."

"Next time, we listen to each other before jumping the gun."

“Agreed.”

Hannibal tilts his head up with a finger and kisses him. He had thought that he had ruined the mood but if the jutting cock of his mate is anything to go by, Hannibal is very much still in the mood. He smirks in the kiss as he palms the older man and Hannibal nips his bottom lip.

“I should also tell you that I have never produced slick in my life,” Hannibal says in between kisses.

Will pulls back and raises his brows, “What? Never?”

“Never.”

“Not even for your heats?”

“No, not even for my first heat.”

Will nods but doesn't say anything. He doesn't know what would be the appropriate thing to say without offending the Omega. Many cases cause an Omega to not produce slick, ranging from overuse of suppressants to physical abuse leading to internal damage but none of them qualify for not making slick for the first heat. It is unheard of, for Will at least. His first response is to confirm if Hannibal really is not an Alpha or a Beta but he gets the feeling that he would completely butcher any hope for a relationship if he makes Hannibal feel like he is doubting the older man.

If Hannibal says he’s an Omega then he is an Omega. No question asked.

Will is quiet for long enough that Hannibal has started to feel worried. Will is aware of what would be the reaction of any other Alpha if they find out their Omega won’t get wet for them so he hurries to reassure his mate, “Hannibal, it doesn't bother me. I don’t care about that. You’re mine and nothing is going to change that. We don’t have to mate if you’re not comfortable. We can bond with just a bite.”

It is, after all, just a myth that a couple has to have sex to bond properly.

“I want to do this with you, Will. But I suggest not biting me for now. I want to do that when you’re in rut.”

Of course, he does. During rut the level of the hormones are very high which helps create a bond, most couples wait until their heat/rut cycle gets in sync before bonding. Will is pretty sure that they can bond just fine without that, but if it would put Hannibal at ease, Will would comply.

“Yeah, okay.”

“Thank you, Will.”

Any further conversations will take place some other time because Hannibal all but throws himself on Will. This part is familiar, the frantic need to be close, to be joined so intimately that they won’t be separated for hours.

Will makes sure to keep his hands away from Hannibal's hole. The first few times Will grabbed the older man's ass he tenses but when it is made clear that Will is just exploring and grabbing him to pull him closer, Hannibal relaxes.

Will has a pretty good idea how it's gonna go tonight and it's confirmed when Hannibal opens the jar of lube and rubs a generous amount between his hands to warm it. Will swallows thickly. He has been topped before by a couple of Alphas and a Beta once but never by an Omega. Usually, Omegas prefer to be taken and knotted, but of course, his mate is as unusual as he can possibly get.

"Will?"

Hannibal says his name with a question in his tone. Will knows that if he said 'no' now, they would do something else and that would be it. Hannibal won't ask anything else and won't judge him for this. After all, it is uncommon for Alphas to let another Alpha mount them, let alone let an Omega do it.

And Will finds that the concept of letting his Omega fuck him doesn't sound unappealing at all. He likes the thought. A lot. Hannibal has already penetrated Will's body with his knife. It's time for Hannibal to do this properly.

"Please," he ignores how breathy he sounds, "please fuck me, Hannibal."

"Gladly, mylimasis."

Hannibal pecks his lips and presses two fingers against his hole, making Will shudder at the touch and spread his legs wider, giving his mate ample space to work. Hannibal circles the puckered opening in teasing touches, alternating between pressing against the opening and rubbing around it, getting Will used to his touch. It's sweet that Hannibal is taking such care to prepare him, it's a new side of Hannibal. One which Will is immensely enjoying, even though he feels like he's gonna die if Hannibal doesn't stop teasing him.

"I'm not a delicate cup, Hannibal."

"You certainly feels like one," he replies with an amused grin but thankfully he gets the idea and pushes his one finger in Will.

For the first time, Will is grateful that Hannibal was a surgeon as he uses his knowledge of anatomy to locate Will's prostate in record time and presses against him relentlessly, making the younger man writhe and moan, greedily asking for more. Hannibal complies and adds another finger. This time Will feels the burn, not enough to stop, instead, he rolls his hips in time with Hannibal's finger thrusting and scissoring to loosen him up.

"More," he whines.

"Impatient boy."

When he is deemed stretched enough, Hannibal removes his fingers. The torturous moment of anticipation comes as his hole struggles to adjust to the emptiness Hannibal leaves in his

wake while he slicks his cock. Will leans on his elbows to watch Hannibal guide his cock to where Will is wet and open. The older man knows how desperately Will wants him but the bastard drags the tip of his cock up and down in Will's crack, smearing his precum and lube until Will begs for it.

"*Ah* - Hannibal," Will clutches Hannibal's shoulder as he penetrates Will with just the tip of his cock, making the younger man feel his own body open for Hannibal.

Will doesn't know if Hannibal just wants to torture him or if he wants to enjoy the way Will's body clench hungrily as he slides inch by inch into Will. Hannibal is relentless, forcing Will's body to accept him at his pace instead of waiting for him to adjust.

Will feels invaded and euphoric in the best way possible and shows his appreciation by wrapping his arms around the broad shoulders of his mate. It's been years since Will took a cock, but he doesn't remember it feeling this good. Maybe it's due to the emotional involvement he has with his partner. Or Hannibal is just as good with this as he is with everything else he does.

Hannibal lifts his hips a little and pushes the rest of the way in with one smooth motion that has them both groaning. He stays in place for a moment, feeling Will clench around his length before steadily withdrawing. His entire body moves as he snaps his hips forward.

Will jerked, his hips pushing up, clinging to his strong mate. Hannibal does not slow down after that, it's like he's possessed. Grunting and groaning like an animal, making Will whimper at his every thrust.

Hannibal turns his face to the side and nuzzles into the scent gland of his mate, breathing in the familiar and welcoming scent as he starts a punishing pace.

"*Hannibal*."

Hannibal snarls at the way Will shouts his name and suddenly grip Will under the knees and pushes his legs up against his chest. A growl is all the warning Will get before Hannibal starts to properly pound into him. Hannibal's every thrust nail the younger man's prostate with alarming accuracy, as if he had memorized where it's located - which considering who Will is currently fucking doesn't seem too off the mark. He knows just how to take Will apart.

The electric feel of his prostate being nailed combined with the intensity of emotions Will is feeling from Hannibal makes his body quake with pleasure.

Will can feel the fleshy mass at the base of his cock start to swell, he tries to sneak a hand down to stimulate himself but Hannibal swats it away with a *growl*. The older man leans down, almost bending him in half to suck the side of his neck, Reddening the pale flesh with his teeth.

Will is not unaware of the reversal of their positions in every aspect. Typically it's only Alpha that bites his Omega to bond. Some - rare - Alpha let their Omega bite them too after they have bonded to show that they are explicit. But his Omega bulldozes through every tradition as he clamps his teeth into Will's neck, claiming him with the bonding mark, making Will

cum untouched. He spills between them, his inner muscles clenching so tightly around the Omega that the older man is forced to come as well. Unable to resist the pleasure from cresting into him wave after wave.

"Will!" Hannibal shouts his name as he fills the Alpha by his warm cum.

It's over sooner than either of them would have liked, but, with Hannibal's injury and the sheer amount of sexual frustration they both were carrying for years, it's a wonder they didn't cum the moment they touched each other - or ripped the stitches, in Hannibal's case. There will be time for a gentler and more thorough exploration, but for now, they are content to feel the one half of their bond starts to emerge between them.

When Will feels like he can open his eyes and gaze at his mate without the fear of sinking into the overwhelming love and joy, Will finds Hannibal watching him closely, waiting for him to show any sign that he is starting to regret what just transpired between them. As if Will could ever regret this.

Will grins stupidly and pulls the other man for a lingering kiss, "My rut is in a few days, we should make a list of what we need."

Hannibal's smile is worth all the paranoia and anxiety he would feel for the next couple of days until his rut, but he knows in the marrow of his bones that he would rip apart anyone who tries to lay a finger on his mate.

He likes the sound of it; *his mate*. He feels giddy with anticipation, he can't wait to lay a claim on his mate too where everyone can see who Hannibal belongs to.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!